

# AGE OF PROGRESS

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WHOLE No. 76.

## Correspondence of the Age of Progress.

CINCINNATI, March 8th, 1856.

FRIEND ALBRO:—I have just been reading an article in the *Age of Progress* of Feb. 23d, entitled "Aspirations of Vanity," in which you refer to an Order, formed a year since, in this city, called: "THE ORDER OF PATRIARCHS."

Some poor soul has shockingly misrepresented, to you, the principles of the Order. I am sorry to believe that your informant wilfully and maliciously misrepresented a class of persons who would compare favorably with any sect in or out of Cincinnati; but charity refuses to cloak the falsehood.

The creed of the 'Order' is, "To do good unto all men, and forgive all injuries done you." Is there, in all this, any thing like "*physical, moral and spiritual prostitution?*"

"Free love," the "marriage contract," or "the right of woman to say who may be the father of her children," has never, I am sorry to say, been discussed in the 'Order;' and I know that these things are neither upon the "holy stone" or in the rituals of the Order.

The persons to whom you have alluded, are of the highest respectability—those whom you would be proud to take by the hand and call friends. The "distinguished gentleman" of whom you spoke, is Maj. D. GANO, of this city. Sixty years ago he was born in Cincinnati. Forty years he has been in public life. He has ever been a friend to the friendless, a patron of the poor, and the faithful apostle of right. I have known him long and well, and I think your informant is the first to blacken, by calumny, his spotless name. He is now Chief Judge of the "Order of Patriarchs." He has no "vain aspirations," no desire for emulation; he only hopes to labor with you for the elevation of man. I do not know what good the Order will accomplish; but I intend to watch its progress. I pray that good may yet come out of Nazareth.

Thine,

H. F. M. BROWN.

## REMARKS EDITORIAL.

Among all the things that we would not consent to do, the wounding of an innocent spirit, by false accusations or insinuations of moral impurity, is what we would most emphatically condemn and refrain from. Nor is there a word in our strictures which our esteemed correspondent complains of, designed to be personal, or directed against the moral character of any individual whoever. And it may well be that the representations which we have received, as regards the moral characteristics of the "Order of the Patriarchs," are false and defamatory. If so, we are truly sorry that we have been the innocent instrument of inflicting an unmerited blow, and giving pain to minds that aim at nothing but human elevation, and practise nothing but purity. And we are ready to admit, that if our fair correspondent is a member of that Order, there is nothing impure in it, that she knows of. As respects the gentleman whose name she has given us, we never before knew that there was such a person, and could not have designed to wound his feelings. Indeed, it was our impression that the person said to have been used by the spirits, to institute this exclusive order, in the spiritual fraternity, had but an ideal existence. Hence our lightness of speech and playfulness of manner, when speaking of the circumstances with which he was connected. In all that we said, in that article, we have not a word to take back, if the information we received was correct. But in all we said touching the characteristics of the order,

which was induced by misinformation, there is matter for deep regret; for, heaven knows, there are too many real peccabilities and moral abominations to complain of, without resorting to false imputations.

We find, in the "*Spiritual Messenger*," an article on this subject, complaining in bitter terms, of the injustice done by our article, and demanding to know from whom we received our information. In answer to this, we will say to the writer, that, although the persons from whom we derived the information on which we predicated our strictures, may have been misinformed themselves, they are incapable of wilful misrepresentation, and shall not have their names blazoned abroad by us. Those who choose to do so, are very welcome to attribute false representation, or malicious defamation to ourself. But we promise them that they shall have no names from us, to make war upon. They may have both of our cheeks to smite at; but we shall interpose no third person between our exposed front and their blows. We may have been indiscreet in our denunciations of what appeared to us as a dangerous moral evil; but we have no proclivity to mischief-making. The innocent cannot be materially injured by being misrepresented; especially in a case where a whole organization is arraigned for a moral delinquency, in which many of its individual members may never have participated, and of which they may be entirely ignorant.

How many hundreds—nay, thousands, of those who have been lured into the Mormon fraternity, have been with them years and years, without even suspecting the enormities of which the ruling ones are guilty. These would defend Mormonism as gallantly and as conscientiously as innocent members of the Patriarchal Order do those secret societies. Yet the murders and other moral atrocities of the Mormons, are none the less real or abominable, for their ignorance and innocence.

Taking all of those parts of our article back, which, being founded on misinformation, may have done injustice to the order in question, there yet remains much which cannot be retracted. Let there be as many secret orders outside of the spiritual fraternity, as outsiders have a mind to organize; and let them gratify their propensity to exclusiveness, with its arcana of pass-words, grips, winks, nods, and physical rappings, at the outer and inner entrances. They may be deemed necessary to effect some object which could not be so easily effected in the face of the world. But what necessity can there be for the establishment of an exclusive and secret order, in the spiritual fraternity? Are those who thus exclude themselves from the association and fellowship of the whole fraternity, more pure and holy than their excluded brethren and sisters? If so, there is the more necessity for their mingling promiscuously with the whole. Their light should not be hid under a bushel, but should be made conspicuous, that all might behold it and emulate their example. Spiritualism is not old, wrinkled, deformed and haggard, that they should be desirous to avoid, being recognized by the world, as members of the general brotherhood. Why, then, the desire for exclusiveness? Why shut themselves up and bar their doors against their brethren and sisters? We answer, in the plenitude of our ignorance, that there can be no *spiritual* cause for such exclusiveness and secrecy. That there may be social causes, we are ready to admit; but these should operate outside of spiritualism, and not inside. As citizens of the world, they may organize themselves, for social enjoyment, as they list; but, as spiritualists, there should be no exclusiveness—no secret organizations. We see, in them, the nuclei of spiritual sects, which are to affect spiritualism, in their maturity, as the same spirit which must pervade and characterize them, has affected christian-

ity. The latter has been entirely metamorphosed, and lost all its beauties and vitality, through the malign influence of sectarianism; and we feel impressed to say, that this very movement on the part of spiritualists who aim at exclusiveness, has a direct tendency to produce the same result, in the future of the Harmonial Philosophy.

We stand in the attitude, and have assumed the duties, of a watchman on the outer wall of the spiritual religion; and when we see one approaching whose countenance is concealed by a vizard, and who refuses to open his heart to us and show us what manner of man he is, it is our right to suspect the honesty of his intentions, and our duty to cry aloud and notify our brethren and sisters that an enemy is coming. Why that impervious mask, if he who wears it be not curst with the countenance of the "Veiled Prophet." We must and will cry aloud against all such perversions of true spiritualism, as long as we have a voice with which to utter what we feel to be necessary warnings.

In conclusion, let us say to our esteemed correspondent, and through her to the gentleman whose feelings we unwittingly wounded, that we entertain no suspicion of his moral and spiritual integrity. On the subject of the agency which he exercised in the organization of the secret order of which we have been speaking, the following are our impressions:

He may be without moral blemish, and pure in mind as an infant, and, at the same time, so constituted that the spirits of those who were visionaries in this life; who were prone to profitless innovations, ever attempting to tinker the outside of the social system, without the philosophy necessary to labor successfully in the field of radical reform, and who have not progressed from their mundane propensities, are attracted to him, and are enabled to use him as their mediatorial or mediumistic agent, to carry out their plans. It is well known that millions of spirits pass from this to the second state of existence, who were enthusiastically fond of the exclusiveness enjoyed in such secret organizations as those of Free-Masons, Odd Fellows, Temperance Associations, Native Americans, &c. &c., all of which have their degrees, their cabalistic words, signs and grips, their regalia, their officers and their captivating mummery. Such a medium is blameless for any follies that may be perpetrated through him, by spirits of the class alluded to. And such an one, it may be, is the gentleman of whom our correspondent speaks; and such an one he may be and be guileless, honest and pure. But, notwithstanding his guilelessness and purity, societies subsequently formed, ostensibly on the principles given through his mediumship, may degenerate and adopt the tenets complained of by our informants, which we have reprobated in our offensive article.

We could, if it were expedient, point to a mind which we believe to be as morally pure as any to be found in the spiritual connection, or any other connection, but which has been led into the perpetration of enormous absurdities, by the controlling influence of spirits, who have not progressed from the visionary propensities, whimsies and impracticabilities of their earth-lives. But we have said enough on this subject for the present; and we hope nothing farther will be found necessary.

#### Indignation.

Since the communication of Mrs. Brown, and our appended remarks, were put in type, we have received another communication from Cincinnati, which, under ordinary circumstances, we should refuse to publish, on account of the acrimonious spirit by which it is characterized. The bitterness of feeling which is manifested by the writer, does not well comport with the initiatory obligations assumed by the members of the "Patriarchal Order," according to his own showing. We publish it, however, as a penance, on our part, for having been the innocent cause of pain to any pure mind, as we now have reason to believe we have been.

In our remarks following the communication of Mrs. Brown, we have pretty fully expressed the sentiments which we still entertain, on the subject of *any* secret organization, however free it may be from

moral impurities, within the ranks of the spiritual fraternity. It is our conviction that any good which ministering spirits have to confer on the human family, should be as catholic as the dews of heaven, which fall upon the just as well as the unjust. Nor can we believe that angels from the upper spheres, can be so much unlike their and our common Father, as to require that a select few of the brethren and sisters of the spiritual fraternity, shall receive their gospel, and hedge it about with impediments which render it inaccessible, except through a single aperture, under prescribed conditions.

As respects the objectionable characteristics which were the subjects of our strictures, we are willing to believe, and now do believe, that they are not articles of faith, incorporated in the constitution of the order. And we are ready to believe that they are eschewed by all the virtuous-minded members of the order. Still we are convinced, from testimony which we must give credit to, that many individuals who are members of those organizations, as well as many others who claim to be spiritualists, outside of them, do hold to and advocate the principles which we condemn. And it is because we feel the love principle which should characterize spiritualists, and which should manifest itself in the intercourse between brethren and sisters, that we are compelled to denounce, mayhap, sometimes, with too much severity, that animal counterfeit of it, which is calculated to bring reproach upon it, by falsely assuming its purity. The well-known existence and prevalence of the mere animal passion, has given such warrant to the tongue of slander, that the purest of the opposite sexes endanger their reputations by even walking home together from evening lectures or circles. Feeling, as we do, the smart of this condition of things, our indignation is excited by any account, to which we have to give credit, of the approach of that spirit of licentiousness, which we know to be cherished and advocated by professing spiritualists, in many quarters. This feeling, we fear, has had a tendency to impart too much severity to our denunciations, and to cause us to be more credulous than we should be, when persons and organizations are arraigned for this besetting sin.

As respects our aggrieved friends, GANO and BAYLESS, never having known that they were of the number of individualities that make up the aggregate of existing humanity, we might, we think, be spared the imputation of entertaining malevolent feelings toward them.

#### The Patriarchal Order Vindicated, and Arrogance Rebuked.

Mr. Albro—Editor of "The Age of Progress," Buffalo, N. Y.

After reading with wonder and astonishment, an article in your paper, of February 23rd, headed "Aspirations of Vanity," making a personal attack on Mr. Bayless and myself, and the Patriarchal Order, I sat down dispassionately to reflect, and if possible account, for or find the source and real motive that could have prompted such a false unprovoked, unjust and cruel infliction. Being personally a stranger to you, I could not think you could have any interest or personal motive of malignancy to gratify, and come to the conclusion that you had been imposed on, by the wanton design of some traitorous liar, or the ignorant, mischievous design of a deceiving, lying spirit, through some false or undeveloped medium. For it is well known there are false mediums, as well as deceiving spirits. Elevated, intelligent spirits are collaborators with us, striving to do good, and they do not work to cross purposes. If you have any authority for your calumny that will swear to the allegations, and I can know the name, I pledge myself to brand the person, a perjured liar, and convict him for the Penitentiary.

The Patriarchal Order commenced about one year since, and numbers in Cincinnati alone, over 2,000 members, and embraces nearly every variety of believers in this region. In this the superiority of our order, over all organizations, consists; for it enfolds within its embrace, all nations, kindreds, tongues and people; every sect and party, of whatever religion or politics, faith and order, organized or not, and yet differs from them all; for it leaves undisturbed and does not interfere with, the religion or political views, the conscience interests

or convictions of duty of any one; and no one is required to proceed further than is agreeable. There is neither exaction, tax or assessment on any ones purse; and in the order, or to become initiated, more are measured to fellowship by creeds, dogmas or any speculative opinion, as to the trinity or unity of the Godhead, whether a Brother or Sister believer in Baptism for remission of Sins, by immersion, sprinkling or pouring, whether with the face downwards or upwards, nor as to the doctrine of election, predestination, foreordination, total depravity, the hair splitting distinctions of different kinds of faith, or any peculiar teaching of the thousand and odd different sects in christendom.

The question is not asked of a candidate whether a Calavanist, Catholic, Baptist, Jew, Mormon, or Free Lover; what faith or order he or she belongs to.

The Patriarch Order is not confined to any ite, or ism, it neither proscribes, or circumscribes by any sectarian hoops, and has no Procrustian bed-sted to stretch candidates on if too short, or cut them off if too long.

We are asked to lay aside all wordly cares, while we behold a little of the light which God made for the good, and which has illuminated the path of prophecy and history, and has been reserved to be again used in the these latter days. We are required at the initiation or very threshold, to lay down, at the door, all the envy, hatred, malice or uncharitableness towards every person, and to be ready to forgive all who may injure or offend, and especially our Brother and Sister of the Family of the Patriarchs; to whom we are ever expected to return good for any injury we may imagine they have done us, and to do for others, what under the same circumstances we could have them to do for us.

The object of our beloved institution is, to unite all mankind in closer links of universal union, for the spread of good will and union among all, to set in order all things, to usher in that blessed and bright day long expected and hoped for by mankind, to stand before the world a band of true Brothers and Sisters, and our zeal in the welfare of mankind is to be illustrated by our works, we are to assist by our example and influence, to render passive our fellow mankind, that they may receive that knowledge which is in reserve for us. The Patriarchal Order is yet in its incipency, and we have some important light, which will benefit all, and we are assured that as we advance, we will find truth, stupendous truth. For that we are to seek, and of this we have an earnest.

We are assured that the object of our institution is to harmonize, elevate and regenerate mankind, and bring all under influences conducive to progress and enlightenment, and place all in a position where they may exercise, practically, and for the advancement of humanity, those wonderful truths of immaterial and material natures, which are dawning upon the world.

We have on the tablet of stone a language all may understand which will spread to the uttermost ends of the earth. A part of that language we already can read, and I deny that it teachet free love, or any thing relating to marriage, sexual union or any thing relating to such subject. The whole charge contained in the article against the Patriarchal order is a tissue of falsehood, made of whole cloth, and is without foundation in fact, and is based on wanton misrepresentation or unwarrantable conjecture. I care not what the source, and defy the proof; and I call on all spiritualists and others not to believe such assumed false and groundless calumnies, but inquire of those who know of what they testify. I hope you will favor me with the name of your informant. No such doctrine, sentiment or practice as Mormonism or free-loveism is taught, inculcated, or alluded to, in the language on the tablet of stone, rituals or other teachings of the Patriarchal Order, and no member of the order, or other person who knows any thing about it, will declare to the contrary of what I assert, and can give proof of by thousands of witnesses.

I am and ever will be opposed to all sectarian organization of spirit, ualists. I have long been, and hope ever to be, devoted to this glorious cause, and have not sought power, place or aggrandizement above my fellow seekers for light, truth and progress. I have had a free circle at my house for about four years, weekly and oftener, and feel

deeply wounded that any brother would do me the injustice to impute to me an "aspiration of vanity," or try to detract from my character, impair the little influence to do good which God knows is my greatest desire.

It can be said truly of Mr. Bayless, the gentleman referred to in connection with the origin of the Patriarchal Order, that he is well and favorably known in Cincinnati and deservedly holds the confidence and good opinion of all, and is above suspicion, and incapable of fraud or deception of any kind. I hope to have the opportunity of giving you more fully the principles of the Order of the Patriarchs and all the evidences of its origin and capabilities of great usefulness.

The article of D. Quinn, Esq., Judge of the 2d Cincinnati Assembly of Patriarchs, in the first number of the Spiritual Messenger, published by Doct. Mead, in Cincinnati, 24th of November last, (which I send herewith,) vindicates the Patriarchal Order from the charge of inculcating or teaching Free-Loveism and all isms.

My Brother, we are on the threshold of the world's reformation, yea the world's redemption; may we be patient and persevere in love, harmony and good works, and exercise sound reason and gentle forbearance, and strive to imitate that perfection reigning above. If the amount of our light, knowledge and progress depend on truths to be revealed, and the receipt of these depend on our work in advancing the glorious cause by harmonious action and obedience to the light received, I pray God to speed our progress by enabling us to do and perform every relative duty to Him and one another.

#### SPEAK NO ILL.

Nay, speak no ill; a kindly word  
Can never leave a sting behind.  
And oh! to breathe each tale we've heard  
Is far below a noble mind.

Full oft a better seed is sown,  
By choosing thus the kinder plan,  
For if but little good is known,  
Still let us speak the best we can.

Give me the heart that fain would hide,  
Would fain another's faults efface,  
How can it pleasure human pride  
To prove humanity but base?

No, let us reach a higher mood,  
A nobler estimate of man,  
Be earnest in the search for good,  
And speak of all the best we can.

Then speak no ill, but lenient be,  
To others' failings as your own,  
If you're the first a fault to see,  
Be not the first to make it known.

For life is but a passing day,  
No lip may tell how brief its span;  
Then oh! the little time we stay  
Let's speak of all the best we can.

The intelligences who projected the Order of the Family of the Patriarchs teach us, that whilst mankind have progressed in the knowledge of material matters, spiritual knowledge has remained for a long time nearly stationary. The river of man's spiritual progress being choked up by the noxious weeds of discord and differences, bringing forth the fruits of injustice and sorrow, and man's just desires are not fulfilled, but there is opened unto us a true spring, the streams and rivers from which will water the whole earth. Then will flourish the fruitful plants of brotherly love, good works and harmony, and man's just desires will be fulfilled.

If any medium is interfering with our Order, let him read the language on the stone in the different degrees, and we will have a test.

I hope to have a better acquaintance with Mr. Albro.

DAN'L GANO.

## For the Age of Progress.

LOCKPORT, March 3d, 1856.

FRIEND ALBRO:—I am an old illiterate man, but occasionally spiritually impressed; and, of late, uncommonly so, on account of a little jealousy having arisen in the minds of a few individuals in our Harmonical Association. They are honest, I presume, but in a manner ignorant of the cause in which they have embarked: that is, psychology. From some cause or occurrences, they have been led to believe that certain mediums have been doing many things entirely under psychological influence, from some person or persons present. My intention in writing the following, was not to wound the feelings of my dear friends; but if I could say or do any thing to create harmony I had a desire to do it. I cannot talk before an audience, for lack of words. If I do any thing, I must write, and then read, as I have done in this case, after a sort. And in the case of writing, my mind keeps so far in advance of my pen, that I am often confused, and effect nothing as I wish. This preamble, I presume, may be very much shortened; yet the purport retained. I should be pleased if the editor thinks he can make any thing out of it all, to have him revise and give it a place in his paper.

Now to the subject:

I have for some time looked forward with strong future anticipations, when the family of God, or the human family would be re-moulded into the perfect image, or material which he was designed to be at his first introduction into this first sphere of existence, when forms and ceremonies will be set aside; when self-made lofty, and *great I* minds, and the fanciful idea that "I am holier than thou," will become like the quadrupeds of millions of years gone by; when the human family will be brought on to one beautiful plane; when man will not covet the approbation of the high-minded, but will covet the best gifts of nature; especially the gift of friendly intercourse, and a heart that has a desire to harmonize, and reduce the world to a level of universal brotherhood, or of using his best endeavors to do so. For what right have I to say, because a man or woman is a poor, ignorant, or even a drunken, debauched soul, that he or she is not as good as I am? Are they not God's children as well as I? Have they not made themselves miserable for the time being, by as perfect a law of nature as that which has made me a useful and good citizen? What right have I to say, that any child of God is not as good as I am? Is it for the reason that he or she does not, perhaps, come up to my imaginary standard of good and proper behaviour? Where is the judge, but in myself, of what is wrong, or what is right for me? Or who shall be the judge for those apparently miserable beings? Have they not the same right that we have, to act and judge for themselves? To be sure, you and I would not do as they do, it would make us as miserable as they appear to us to be. Should we not first ascertain motives, before we condemn a brother? I see things that look to me wrong in my neighbor; and perhaps they are in a measure wrong. But how can I ascertain the wrong, until I ascertain from the condemned, personally, what his or her motives were in doing what he or she did, which appears so heinous to me? For when he gives his reason, and I understand his motive perfectly, I may find it pure and just and holy. So if I go about, putting my constructions on his doings, I might do my neighbor and community an immense wrong, and produce no good to myself, or any other one.

All elementary nature is conversant. O that we could but understand the language of elementary nature. Were that our privilege, could we mortals in the body, endure the ecstasies of such an elevation? Should we not burst with delight, and be scattered through nature's elements, and be reduced to the impalpability of ether? O, could we but realize the language and harmonious music of the vegetable, animal and mineral kingdoms! Let us reflect a while on the music and conversation of the limpid waters of the little planet that we inhabit. See the rivers, lakes and seas, that take their rise from small springs and streamlets—listen to the little prattling words and notes of those

little gentle rills, that meander through our fields and forests. Can we understand what they say to us, and appreciate the music uttered by their harmonious voices? No! but could we do it, what would be the effect? Could we endure the enjoyment of such a privilege? of such an unappreciable privilege?

Then again, behold those little streamlets, how they go prattling and dancing along, calling and inviting in others of their affinity, in order to increase in size, power and voice, until each becomes a magnificent and mighty stream; thence into a broad and deep expanse, the mighty sea. But let us look for a moment and realize the changes and windings, the rough and smooth appearances in their forms and motions; the varieties of harsh and soft sounds. O, how vast and beautiful; how big with gratitude should be the reflection, that the great Artificer of those things so beautifully arranged them in order to happily the family that He formed and placed here to realize and enjoy them.

Now, brethren, let us take another view of those little rivulets, as they grow into larger rivers, and see how they progress. See the beauty and majesty of the great cataract of Niagara. See the power and grandeur of that sublime development of nature's laws. Could we but understand the language uttered by that mighty organ of God, many vast and important events, of which the world yet remains in total ignorance, would be made manifest. Should we not be filled with wonder and amazement, and exclaim: how wonderful and incomprehensible are thy works, O, mighty God! and thy ways past finding out! And now, brethren, let us again look back on the rise and progress of those waters as in a mirror. Let us look at home, and take warning by those little rivulets, and see the variety of forms and motions, by which they have attained to such magnitude, grandeur and potency. How many ups and downs we have to encounter, like those little streams. Like those we occasionally come across or pass over, a smooth surface, for a while, and every thing looks pleasant, and happiness abounds for a season. Then again we see something that looks to us wrong, and the water is ruffled for a while, until, by following along the current, we find that the rough place we have just passed over, is only calculated to cleanse and rectify the passing stream. We may now in the current or stream of spiritualism, have reached the great cataract; and have come down on to the level of the vast sea of love, and good will to man. I hope, my brethren, that we, though we see many things that, for the time being, we do not like, or comprehend, may have patience; and I am sure they will, ere long, work themselves clear, as do those little rivulets before spoken of. So let us do away with jealousies, and let charity bear rule. This is solicited by an old friend to the human family.

SETH WHITTEMORE.

## Lecture by the Spirit of Lovisa Buck.

MISS BROOKS MEDIUM—REPUBLISHED.

It is not a matter of question, by the greater portion of humanity, that man is endowed with a spiritual nature; but the continuation of the divine principle of the human mind, after its separation from the physical form, which establishes the soul's individuality, and renders it capable of eternal identification, is the important subject which remains unsettled in many intelligent minds. Let it be understood that the invisible mind is the real individual, and is not essentially dependent upon the natural organization for its immortal existence, or individuality. The outer form is an imperfect representation of the interior spirit, whether the form be material or spiritual. The form, or body, is the mould into which the elements of nature are caused to flow, making the outer organization the primary framer of the mind. The elements of the outer form are subjugated to the exclusive control of the spirit. The spirit with its celestial body, proves itself free from primary dependencies, as it progresses towards maturity. Mind, when clothed in a physical form, is dependent upon the outer senses, as media of interior education and refinement; but the soul soon evolves its latent forces, by coming forth through its terrestrial vesture, to learn something of its

glorious liberty and ultimate destiny. When the outer form and Spirit have gained sufficient strength, mind discards its infant playfulness and steps boldly forward upon the threshold of independence and wisdom, and treads the paths of infinitude like an immortal soul.

Mind is the most wonderful development of visible creation. The entities and faculties cluster around it, making man the centre of all organized beauty and perfection. There is, in man, a perfect adaptation of every form and element of his being to their natural sphere. His spiritual constitution is harmoniously adapted to the world of spirituality. The outer and interior natures are beautifully blended in him. The inferior and superior, and the material and spiritual, are centered in him, making him the gem of visible creation and the flower of the material universe. Man is the being of a moment, and the possessor of an eternal life. He is, in some conditions of life, a mere animal; yet an immortal spirit. The human form is simply the encasement of the higher character of man; and when that fades, the spirit must have another form, eternal and immortal, to protect the soul, through its perfecting process in spiritual knowledge and purity.

Man has various evidences of a future world. Some have the evidences of this celestial life, from the history of by-gone men, who were material as men are now. Some minds have evidences of a glorious future life, from the interior voice of reason and judgment. Man may suffer in his mental struggles to attain moral and religious freedom; but this subject is not only one that engages our intellectual and logical powers, but it also appeals to our affections, and we can afford to suffer in our attempts to break away from theological imprisonment, to imbibe higher and purer motives, gathered from the interior heart of nature.

A new influence is being felt upon the earth. The influence of religious liberty is acting and flowing through avenues of intellect, where the divine element never flowed before, to purify the mind by the strong tide of social and moral reformation. The ocean of freedom and intellectual wealth, in its mighty strength, is casting its glittering spray over the fair lands of other nations besides America; and the gradual increase of this moving tide will melt the freezing influence of infidelity into cultivation, and every mind will give encouragement to the growth of the free and independent flowers of eternity.

I see before me, in the universe of immorality and crime, the aged man draw his old accustomed chair to his cottage door and view the surrounding landscape with its verdant foliage, its diversified surface and glittering beauties, and I hear him ask if he is destined for an eternal progression in the unbroken enjoyment of an immortal life. I see the smiling babe creep noiselessly to the frequented door, to gaze out upon the waving grass, and I see it stretch its tiny arm to pluck the little flower which attracts its attention, giving evidence of its natural affection for the glories of nature. I see the youthful soul contemplating the elements of nature discoverable in every living object, and I hear him enquire if he shall live in those higher spheres where the elements of nature roll noiselessly along in the serene depths of immortality. I see the form of one bent in the attitude of prayer, who watches for those footsteps she so oft loved to welcome home; but she now fears and dreads their near approach, for they support the intemperate form and wreck of a once noble mind, that she once loved and revered. Does she turn away in disgust from the polluting breath of the drunkard? No—she kindly suffers all, while she asks her secret soul if her present life is typical of her future existence, or if she will ever become a bright and immortal spirit. I see the mother—the affectionate mother, bend over the reckless form of her erring child, asking her interior thoughts if he will suffer eternally, or if the mercy and goodness of God will convert his weakness into strength, and give him a home among the blest and pure.

Thus, in all scenes of human life, the question is asked: "Is there a future world?" Why should we doubt our immortality? It is true there are an infinite variety of minds possessing different qualifications and gifts. There is a vast dissimilarity of mental endowments, and men believe according to their understanding. Every well organized

mind is constitutionally and naturally endowed with particular powers and qualities; and each particular arrangement or combination of elements and principles, will develop a particular cast of mind. A man destitute of mental and organic harmony, and without a requisite education, may generate crude thoughts, while the different arrangement of the mental faculties may develop a different mind, and unfold a life replete with good deeds. A particular combination of elements, will develop a particular mind, while the chain of circumstances will cause one mind to be brutalized, whilst different combinations of circumstances would cause the same mind to spiritualize the human character. Thus men constitutionally harmonious, will believe, from logic, what others see and hear, while the same belief might confound and amaze others. All minds are constitutionally capable of learning and understanding; and though what they believe may detract much from the natural dignity of truth, yet it is their solemn conviction. Hence no mind is justifiable in condemning other minds for what they believe, for all minds are capable of erring. Nor is mind justifiable in condemning any form of worship or belief; for all may contain some truths. But the great evil upon earth is the desire to criticize and condemn all theological as well as political themes of thought, if they are in antagonism to the convictions of the critic and censor.

When the spirit of man has unfolded the finer elements of its nature, and feels as a matter of intuitional and spiritual consciousness, the great law of sympathetic and infinite impregnation whereby God gives tone and action to the faculties of mind, then will one religion become universal, and all can go one road to the future world. The vital essences of life flow fresh and pure from the inmost heart, through the veins of intelligence, and every department of nature receives its assurance of a future life, from the exhaustless fountain of eternal truth, justice and love. The human mind leaps upward into the flowing current of steady progression, where every error is instantly wafted away to a more foreign destination, whilst its identity is preserved and its powers are constantly and wisely improved, in the spirit land, to which all are swiftly travelling.

Ever Yours,

LOUVISA BUCK.

*Lecture by the Spirit of Miss A. F., late of Buffalo—Republished by Spiritual request.*

#### Once More I am Free.

This is the land of liberty. O, liberty! thou proudest gift of heaven! Thou hast not forgotten thy native home. Once more I breathe the mountain air. Once more I tread my own free hills. My rising soul, in its proud and heavenly flight, has thrown all its fetters off; and while I gaze upon the mist upon the mountains brow, as it wreathes itself into a thousand forms, I learn more and more of the freedom of my own native home, in the spirit land. With what pride do I walk these hills and bless Him, my Father, that all is so beautiful. As the smile of heaven pierces the gloom of the dark caves and causes the flowers to bloom in spots where even angels dare not tread, the sweet influence of God is felt there. The name of tyrant is here forgotten. There are no monarchs here, save the great God of heaven. He alone controls the souls of men.

When I first awoke from my unconsciousness, while passing through the change called death, I saw myriads of beings clustering around me. Some were pure and lovely, while others seemed so dark and repulsive that my new-born spirit turned away, fearing, alas! my condition was one of ignorance and darkness, and that I must reside with them. While in this contemplative condition, I heard voices joining in sweet anthems. There I heard music so soft and lovely that my aspiring soul rose from this moment of seeming forgetfulness to a full consciousness that I was in heaven. I gazed wildly around, and, for a moment, thought of my friends on earth, when I heard a voice saying:—"Child of earth, lift thy glance to yon bright angels, and thou wilt there find thy equality of development. There is thy present home; for mind is progressive, and

this will not be your home forever ; but onward and upward is the law of heaven. Here will your life be complete." A smile radiated my countenance. I turned my glance towards the sphere where I must dwell, when a band of infinitely beautiful spirits came and kindly said : "Sister, thrice welcome to your home with us. Come join us in our melodies of eternal joy, and raise your spirit in holiness to the living Fount of eternal truth. Learn wisdom. Be good. Be pure, and this will usher your spirit on nearer to the throne of God." I gazed intently around me, and I discovered large forests, flowers varying in size, color and beauty. I saw the silvery rivulet and the capacious ocean. I saw hills, mountains and valleys. I asked my companions if this was truly heaven, or was it a world through which all souls must pass before they are prepared for heaven. They answered : "Thou wonderest at the craggy rock, and the single pebble ; but God has adorned the spirit world with the refined elements of nature ; and each object of the world you have just left, has a spiritual emanation, which lives and has its type here." I asked : do these objects exist, like the soul, eternally ? Answer : "As the flower unfolds from the bud, as the soul rises above the selfish condition of material life, into a higher and brighter sphere, when the faculties of the mind have attained the summit of harmonious concord, so does the same immutable principle operate upon the inner and outer nature of all divine construction." Then I asked : If this is truly the spirit world, where is God ? "I have not seen Him." They replied : "Sister we have not seen the God of love and power, nor do we know of any being in the spirit land who has." I said : what, I in heaven, and cannot see God. I heard a voice, from above, respond : "When your spirit shall have arrived at that condition of superlative perfectness, when you no longer can return to the other world, then you may see God : but now your soul is not pure enough to come into His presence ; His influence you will forever realize. Study and you will earn of Him."

Then I said : If this is heaven, where is my mother ? She came before me. Let me see her, and I will believe. They replied "think of your mother, and she will hear you call." I thought of her, when lo ! she came and folded me to her bosom, with emotions of unspeakable joy. She said : "My child, you are nearer the presence of the central Divinity. Your soul is divine. As you live here, wander around among the objects and elements of nature, and study the principles centered there, and you will ascend higher and become purer. I must now return." I said : Mother, why do you leave me ? Do you not love me ? You used to cling to me while on earth. O, stay with me now, my mother. She said : "The laws of God are unchanging. Here we determine our celestial existence by the magnitude of our wisdom faculties, and by the purity of our spirits. My faculties are more perfectly unfolded than yours, my child, and my position here is higher." My mother assured me that she would see me often, and that I might soon be with her : and, with a kind parting, she left for her celestial home.

Then I was not happy, for I longed to know more of the Divine spirit that pervaded these eternal principles, and the more I desired to learn, the more rapidly did I progress. Now I am happy. I have learned the fundamental principles of my celestial life, and I can now usher my spirit onward to higher glories, by constantly striving to learn more of my being and of God. My labors are innocent and purer ; and in my dreams of Paradise I behold almost every combination of objects moving in the great progressive principle.

Man should pause and think of eternity. There is no punishment for earthly crimes, save the gentle and forbearing influence of God and the spirit land. But by your improvement spiritually, are you recognized in the land of freedom and glory.

Nature is the universe ; it stretches out far and wide, as the unchangeable manifestation of God. It reveals His character in its divine fullness. True christianity has been written upon the pages of creation and upon the human heart. It stands upon the highest foundation, upon the basis of everlasting ages, and the truth remains unshaken and unchanged. Man may be deceived in the Bible. Then let him take the open book of nature, and he may read a volume in a word and a Paradise in a

smile ; a heaven in a glance and a hell in a sigh. He who framed the universe has written the truths of christianity upon the constitution of imperishable things. These cannot mould nor ever be stained by the fingers of time, for they are of God, not of men. They are spiritual, not material. They are eternal and unfading. True christianity sprang up with the elements of life, flows with them through the existence of mind, and sends its infinite influence higher than the noblest ambitions can soar. It is the star of the spiritual universe, and the center sun of infinitude. It is stamped upon the human and celestial mind, by God, in a simple and imperishable definition.

I scoffed and ridiculed Spiritual intercourse, but before my spirit was summoned home, its intuitive conception had obtained a conviction of this sublime truth ; and I discovered that my happiness above depended, not upon the teachings of Jesus or Moses, but upon myself alone. But my convictions were not made early, in my infant years ; in consequence of which my mind was ushered into its eternal existence unconscious of the principles of true christian religion. There is a simplicity, a beauty, in the truth which is not as evanescent and fleeting as the passing breeze, but as unfading as the heavens, and as immutable as the Deity. The angel of the heart may be wounded and its tender nature suffer deeply by some religious transgression, while in the human form ; but in the world of eternity, it receives glowing truth which mind or talent can never exhaust.

Yours Affectionately,

A. F.

For the Age of Progress.

### The Transplantation.

BY L. B. BROWN.

There's a land where flowers are fadeless,  
There's a land where earth-buds bloom ;  
'Tis a land all bright and shadeless ;  
And it lies beyond the tomb.

Oft, the angels from their bower's,  
In the fragrant gardens there,  
Speed their happy flight to ours,  
And they gather buds most rare ;—  
And they bear their earthly treasures,  
To that everblooming shore ;  
And they plant them 'mid sweet pleasures  
There, to bloom forevermore.

Once, they came, though uninvited ;  
And they chose from out our tree  
The bud in which we most delighted,  
And they bore it lovingly ;  
Oh ! so lovingly away !—  
Away, the beautiful angels bore it,  
To their homes, in realms of day,  
To where they now almost adore it.

But it is not theirs forever,—  
Theirs forever, and alone ;  
For our hearts will love it ever,  
Love it, for it was our own.  
And 'twas His, who kindly sent it,  
One brief hour on us to smile ;  
And, we feel he hath but lent it  
To the angels for a while.

Yes, we know our heavenly Father,  
When our brief earth-life is done,  
And we in his bright home gather,  
Will restore our little one,  
To our arms and to our bosoms ;  
Not, as when she left our bower,  
A pearly bud, among our blossoms,  
But a bright, immortal flower.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., )  
March 9th, 1856. (

## From our Spiritual Correspondent.

SYRACUSE, Monday, March 15th, 1856.

FRIEND ALBRO:—As we were sitting at the table, the following words were said through the alphabet: "I will give you and Anna a communication, when I can find time, founded on the word HOME."—  
 Question: Will you give us your name? Ans. Yes. Mrs. HEMANS.  
 Q. Will you tell us when it will be best to sit? Ans. On Wednesday evening after tea.

Accordingly we, on Wednesday evening, March 12th, took our seats, and immediately the following beautiful communication was given through the alphabet:

Home is the mould of character; there the infant's prattlings are first heard, and the mother carresses it with heart-felt joy, to think her first-born is spared, to converse with her during long hours. Think of the poor mariner who is tossed to and fro, upon the waving billows, and has to endure hurricanes, tempests and storms. He is no longer seated at the fire-side with the home circle. Warm tears gush from his eyelids as he gazes on the dark blue waves, sighing for home's pleasures that are gone, all gone from earth. Foolish boy! had you but stayed and enjoyed the comforts that were given you! but they have glided away like a pleasant dream, and you must mourn their loss. Think of the prisoner—Ah! woe is he, confined in the narrow cell, with clanking chains, and iron balls are his reconcilers; he may think of home-pleasures, family circles, and fire-side musings; but thinking avails him nothing; he is doomed to the prison cell for life. "Be it ever so humble, there is no place like home."

Affectionately, your friend,

MRS. HEMANS.

I am hurried away.

March 13th.—Mrs. Hemans would have given you a longer communication if company had not disturbed you. She is such a beautiful spirit, we can only spare her for a short time.

AMELIA BRADBURY.

From your friend,  
L. P. S., Medium.

Another, through the same medium—same date.

Hasten mortals! tarry not on the plains with your shepherds and your flocks—lay aside the crooks and the pipes of peace, and proclaim through the land that the enemy is nigh—sound the alarm from your watch towers—gather together your mighty men of war—raise your banners—sound the shrill notes of the trumpet—let its call be heard by your yeomen and your artizans—bid the smith forsake his forge and the tailor his needle—enroll your men and exhort them to be valiant and true—shout the watch-word of freedom from your house-tops—gird on your armor—mount your chargers, and proclaim it around and about, that God is your leader, and under him is the conflict to be waged and won—cry not peace, peace, when there is no peace—give no sleep to your eyes, nor slumber to your eye-lids, until the victory is accomplished—deal not in ambuscade, but show a bold front, and be not dismayed—fall not back when the enemy shall come—sound not the word *retreat*, but *ADVANCE! ADVANCE!* must be the word of command.

Fight valiantly, ye nations! your foe is mighty, and you grapple for the palm of victory of Life over Death. Choose ye your weapons—let them be strong and of good metal, which shall gleam in the light of truth and justice—choose not barbed iron nor poisoned shafts, nor sharpened steel—raise not your hands to the shedding of human blood—lift not the sword unscabbarded, from its sheath, to bury it in the heart of your brother; but bow ye in reverence and in awe; prostrate yourselves in adoration, and implore the assistance of the Most High! He will furnish you with weapons which shall not be carnal, but spiritual, and will serve as a staff and a buckler; and unerringly will he point you to the mark which is to be won; subdue your enemies with kind words, generous hearts and noble deeds; return acts of kindness for

wounds and bruises, and convince your enemies that your cause is just. Seek true righteousness, which consists in doing acts of mercy. Feed the hungry; clothe the naked, and raise a fallen foe. Throw thy mantle of charity about him—apply words of comfort and consolation, and inflict no injury but such as can be returned in kindness and in love. Thus should your weapons be chosen—thus should you do battle for the right, and thus should your victory be gained. Your armor should be the armor of true righteousness, and your pass-word the cry of "Right over Wrong." Let your struggle be for freedom, yea liberty for the captive in his chains—liberty to the enthralled in speech and liberty of conscience. Fill the air with shouts of triumph and rejoicings. Let the people sing praises to the Almighty; so that when the final change which comes to one and all, shall come to you, you may enjoy peace and quietness, and rest to your souls. The God of Hosts will be with you, and your crown shall be a crown of glory forever and ever.

WHITFIELD.

## Poetry.

We have, on more than one occasion, expressed to those friends who have been so kind as to contribute, for our columns, from the fount of their poetical genius, our peculiar sentiments in relation to poetic effusions. We have said that we could not be satisfied with any thing short of one of the two extremes—the sublime or the ridiculous. Not having at hand the poem on "The Three Thayers," we take as a sample, one which we think approaches almost as nearly to the latter extreme.

The object immortalized by the poet, was a horse-trough, at a country tavern, into which a mountain streamlet poured its emblem of purity. Here is the poetry:

## LINES WRITTEN ON A WATERING TROUGH.

The grand trough is exceeding great,  
 And Cold-Creek it does adore;  
 The exalted brilliant adorn  
 Is pleasant like the Bugle Horn,

The clear water throws itself high;  
 The place many do glorify,  
 The melody does rightly roar;  
 And the grand fame does highly soar.

The water does exalt the town,  
 With a splendid and high renown,  
 The great place is exalted high,  
 When the famous parties draw nigh.

The trough has a glorious fame,  
 And a bright adorn on its name;  
 The water gives a brilliant plume,  
 And rises in the Town of Hume.

The water is much clear and pure,  
 The crystal sight we all endure;  
 When we behold the water clear,  
 Our minds are bright and of good cheer.

The clear water is genuine,  
 For the hero and the heroine;  
 An exalted name they do gain,  
 With much honor do they remain.

The brave watering trough is right,  
 Likewise receives an honor bright;  
 The water falls like a shower;  
 And is bright like a blooming flower.

Many a one takes a delight  
 When they view the admiring sight;  
 It is a brilliant adoration,  
 And worthy of an Oration.

# AGE OF PROGRESS.

STEPHEN ALBRO, EDITOR.

OFFICE OVER STEPHENSON'S JEWELRY STORE, 200 MAIN ST. SECOND STORY.

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## Buffalo Harmonial Conference.

We were not at the Hall on Sabbath morning last; but, from those who were there, we learn that, besides manifestations by Indian spirits, the spirit of A. A. BALLOU spoke through Miss SCOTT, some thirty minutes, in a style which gave great satisfaction. Another spirit, purporting to be that of Judge Burrows, late of this city, spoke thro' the organs of a German girl attached to the family of Mr. T. RATHBON. The spirit told the audience that he communicated, at a house in this city, before his body was buried. This was corroborated by Mr. RATHBON, who remembered that the spirit controlled and spoke thro' the German girl, at his house, before the funeral. Mr. R. said to the spirit, "I am going to your funeral." "So am I," replied the spirit. This was highly interesting to those whose minds were sufficiently untrammelled to receive it as a verity.

In the afternoon, the spirit of Prof. DAYTON spoke through Mr. FORSTER, from a text of scripture which had not been previously announced, and spoke in his usual eloquent and effective manner. The house was as full as it usually is, in the afternoon, and the audience were seemingly enchained by deep interest in the subject and the manner in which it was handled.

In the evening the spirit of S. R. SMITH spoke from 1st Cor. iii. 13, 14, 15. He spoke something more than an hour and a half, to an audience which crowded the Hall to its utmost capacity. All three of those lecturing spirits—Dayton, Smith and Ballou—continually excel themselves in their successive efforts, which is evidence that they are better and better enabled to control their mediums as they wish to control them.

## War and Devastation.

FROM OUR OLD ELBOW CHAIR.

TEXT.—"From whence come wars and fightings among you? Come they not hence even of your own lusts?"

In all well regulated communities, individual citizens are restrained from settling their differences by the infliction of blows upon each other. The wisdom of those laws which forbid resort to this brutal manner of arbitrating disputes, is palpable to every mind. When two men disagree, it generally happens that one man is much more to blame than the other; and not unfrequently, the one is altogether in the wrong, and the other innocent both in act and intention. The one who wilfully does wrong to the other, is not likely to listen to the expostulations of the injured one. His disposition is bad, or he would not commit the injury. Let there be no other mode of arbitrament between them than personal combat, and the case would be decided in favor of the stronger man, whether he should be the aggressor or the sufferer. A strong man, in that case, would break open the house of his weaker neighbor, and despoil him of his goods, depending on his superior physical power to decide in his favor, if the other should seek redress. In view of these circumstances, all civilized communities have adopted social systems, in which provisions are made for arbitrating all differences and causes of difference between individuals, that the public peace may be preserved, justice done to all parties, and the weak protected against the strong. These conventional regulations have been found so conservative of justice, morality and peace, that no civilized nation could be induced to abrogate them.

Now, what is true of a community of individuals, in this respect, is

true of a community of nations. War between two nations grows out of differences between them, arising from injuries inflicted or justice withheld, by the one or the other. They attempt to settle their differences through diplomatic agents; but these agents act under instructions from the parties to the quarrel, and can effect nothing unless the principals agree to it. And who does not see that the more powerful nation will not listen to propositions founded on reciprocal justice? No, says powerful and imperious France, to little and less potent Italy, you shall not enjoy the liberty you have won from your oppressors. I will draw my sword in favor of despotism, and will replace you under the sway of that same temporal and spiritual despot whom your patriotism and valor have hurled from his high seat of power. And I will do this because thou art weak and I am strong; and because there is no organized tribunal of nations to hinder me or make me afraid.

No, indeed, says the ferocious and liberty-hating Bear of Russia, to long oppressed, bleeding, but conquering Hungary, thou shalt not free thyself from the manacles of my brother despot of Austria. I will come down upon you with overwhelming armies of my serfs, replace your chains upon you, and assist in hanging and banishing your most wise, brave and patriotic sons. And I will do this because I will not be outdone by my brother France, who laughs in his sleeve at the farce of a republican form of government, whilst he rules the people by his arbitrary will, the same as I rule my filthy serfs and gormandizing nobles. Yes, and because there is no central organization of the powers of Christendom, to prevent me from carrying devastation and slaughter wherever Liberty dares to lift her head. Let me once fairly get my' huge paw on the neck of Turkey, and we'll see what chance there will be for Liberty to unveil her witching features to the admiring gaze of European political fanaticism. Then I can monopolize the Black Sea, Bosphorus, Marmora, Dardanelles and Archipelago. Then I can establish such a navy as the world has not yet seen, and it will not be ice-bound three-fourths of the year. The commerce of the whole Euxine basin will be mine, and the whole Mediterranean will soon call me master. What nation will then attempt to pass the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus without paying tribute? I must and will pick a quarrel with Turkey. That's the first step towards the accomplishment of my magnificent scheme of becoming the great ruler of nations.

Why has England carried her devastating and subjugating arms among the nations and tribes of India? Had the 150 millions whom she has conquered, despoiled and made slaves there, committed any aggressions upon her? Never. She visited them with the sword and torch for piratical purposes. She was skilled in the arts of war, and they were ignorant of them. She coveted the wealth they possessed, and she armed herself as the pirate and the highwayman do, and went with a similar determination to kill, devastate and rob. She has carried it on for ages, till she has usurped dominion over all hither India, monopolized the soil and made serfs of the people. Has she ever done them any good to compensate for the inconceivable amount of misery she has visited upon them? Not a whit. She said they were Pagans and she would convert them to the true faith. They proved her to be a pirate and a robber, and they spurned the religious faith of such a monster. They had a perfect right to believe that the morality she practised towards them was the characteristic morality of Christian nations, and the genuine stamp of Christianity. Who wonders at their remaining Pagans? Any thing is better than Christianity, as represented by England in her conduct towards the tribes of India. It was the lust of England for that which was not her own, that caused the war and fighting in India, and reduced that country to its present state of bondage and misery.

Whence came the wars and fightings which first broke the peace of China? Again the answer is: From the lust of England. China said she would no longer permit the importation to her ports, of a poisonous drug which was fast brutalizing her people. England, enlightened, refined, moral and christian England, declared she would compel her to suffer the importation of the rejected bane of intellect and life, to be

continued. Why did she so declare? Was it because any right of hers was violated by the righteous edict? Not at all. England had nothing to do with the commercial regulations of China. But she interfered because the opium trade, like the African slave trade, was a source of gain to a few of her citizens. Had there been a properly organized Congress of nations, England would not have dared, under such a shameful pretext, to send her fleets and armies into China, as she did, to wrap her cities in flames, whose foundations were more ancient than history, and whose tens of thousands of inhabitants perished in the flames. Oh! how shameful it was in other powerful nations, that they suffered the Defender of the Christian Faith to perpetrate an outrage so flagitious—a wrong so grievous to justice, morality and christian principle, upon an isolated people who never trespassed upon the rights or meddled in the affairs of any of the nations of the earth. This England did, and then compelled the victim of her inhuman outrages to pay all the cost of burning her ancient cities, and murdering tens of thousands of her citizens, because she was powerful in war and China was weak; and because there was no other power to hold her piratical spirit in check, or to call her to account for her barbarity and cruelty.

When an individual citizen of any of the nations of Christendom, is so regardless of justice and humanity, and so hardened in wickedness, that he will rob the house of another citizen, set fire to it, and murder those who attempt to restrain him from perpetrating the mischief, he is at once adjudged to be unfit to live, and expiates his crime on a gibbet. Why should this man suffer death for a crime which is continually practised by the great nations of the earth, without hindrance or retribution? The strong nation which falls upon a weak one and sacks and burns cities and kills the inhabitants by thousands, is as much guilty of robbery, arson and murder as the individual is. And every individual of a nation thus guilty, should feel the guilt of those crimes upon his own conscience, if he have not lifted up his voice against it.

When Alexander called the Thracian robber before him, after charging him with the crimes charged to him, he permitted him to reply, which he did as follows:

"And what is a conqueror! Have not you, too, gone about the earth like an evil genius, blasting the fair fruits of peace and industry; plundering, ravaging, killing, without law, without justice, merely to gratify an insatiable lust for dominion? All that I have done to a single district with a hundred followers, you have done to whole nations with a hundred thousand. If I have stripped individuals, you have ruined kings and princes. If I have burned a few hamlets, you have desolated the most flourishing kingdoms and cities of the earth. What is the difference but that, as you were born a king, and I a private man, you have been able to become a mightier robber than I."

To bring the subject home to the conscience of every one, we liberty-loving, justice-dispensing, conscience-obeying and God-serving Americans—as we would fain be esteemed—are not quite guiltless in this matter. We wanted some of the territory possessed by Mexico. Texas was a revolting State of that republic. Mexico still claimed jurisdiction over her, and we were bound by treaty to respect the rights of Mexico till she relinquished them. Instead of negotiating with the parent power, as we should have done, and as wise men counselled, we ploughed with her revolting heifer, inveigled her into our embrace, and then insulted Mexico with a proposition to treat. She had remonstrated against the course pursued by our government in clandestinely making love to her revolting daughter, and gave us timely notice that if we espoused her, she, the parent, should deem it a violation of treaty stipulations, as well as of national comity, and equivalent to a declaration of war on our part. We knew that Mexico was weaker than we were, and we annexed Texas by treaty with her alone, and before the treaty was ratified, sent an armed fleet and an army of soldiers to the Mexican frontier, to repel any attempt which that power might make—even before we acquired any right, however questionable, to occupy Texas—to re-establish her unrelinquished authority over her revolting member.

What was Mexico to do in this case? She must resent what she deemed a great national insult and injury, or forfeit all claim to respect among the nations of the earth. She did resent it, and committed the first act of hostility, in conformity to her previous declaration. The most bloody war ensued that ever took place on this continent, or, at least, that history gives any account of. We immediately carried the war into the heart of Mexico, and finally overwhelmed her entirely.—She was fain to make peace on the best terms she could, and agreed to relinquish all claims to Texas and cede to us the immense territories of Upper California and New Mexico, for a consideration in money and our old claims against her for spoiliations. The worst feature of this case seems to be, that those American Statesmen who were foremost in the management of the Texas fraud, which caused the war with Mexico, and who were ever clamorous for the acquisition of New Mexico and California, were principally actuated by a desire to provide a great slave market, whither they might send their surplus stock of human chattels, make room at home for their more fruitful propagation, and bring into the Union a dozen or more new slave states.

Whilst we are condemning with unsparing and well merited censure the high handed enormities committed by the despots of Europe upon weaker nations, a proper regard to truth and consistency requires us to make these admissions of our own improper conduct. It is true that Mexico had given us great cause of complaint against her by her insolent bearing, and by her depredations upon our commerce. Enough, probably, to have justified strong measures against her, long before the commencement of the late hostilities. But we thought best then to act magnanimously; and there can be little doubt that if we had entered fairly into negotiations with her for the peaceable relinquishment of her sovereignty over Texas, we might have succeeded in that and obtained all that we have obtained, with half of the millions and without a drop of the blood which they have cost us.

It behoves us all to strive to hasten the time spoken of by Isaiah, when the nations of the earth shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning hooks; when nation shall not lift up the sword against nation, and shall learn war no more.

#### For the Age of Progress.

HARTFORD, Ct., March 9th, 1856.

MR EDITOR:—The following was spoken in five minutes, or thereabouts, at the house of Dr. J. R. METTLER, in this city, a night or two since, by Mr. P. B. RANDOLPH, who recently visited and lectured here. It is sent to you just as it was delivered and reported. It purports to be a conversation between BENREDDIN ELI, and his "conjugal," CORAPHAEL, in the seventh sphere. The conclusion was addressed to the mortals present, CORAPHAEL speaks:

"Even now, methinks I view the scenes wherein we took a part, and experienced such crystalline delight on yonder earth, and my soul drinks in a new melody when I listen to the glowing tales which thou art wont to whisper in mine ears; and I weep when thou tellest me of the trials and toils, and weary labors, and the many heart-racking sufferings through which thou, O, blessed BENREDDIN, in days of yore, hast passed. It is a great arcanum, my sunlight, unknown to mortals below, but which we have long since learned, that every pain endured on earth hath its corresponding ecstatic experience in the skies; and that every annoying circumstance of mortal life, is the conceptive effect of that which will develop, as the acorn in the oak, in due time and form, and become a part and lot of heaven's joy. BENREDDIN, my precious guide, our delight on earth, was not delight, but only the foreshadowing of that full harvest of fruition we now realize in this our pearl-decked, and star-gemmed heaven. Yes, my blessed one, my mountain-browed BENREDDIN, the pleasures of hope and memory, the purest and best experiences of earth-life, were but the waifs, the shadowy and mist-en-shrouded harbingers, the whispered prophecies, of that joy of joys, only to be fully known and felt by mortals in the great hereafter, when the portals of time shall open before them at the end of life's journey, and

disclose to their rapt gaze, the diamond-strewed shore of Allah's music-flooded melody filled eternity.

BENREDDIN SPEAKS: CORAPHAEL! my only love—yea, even that pas-sional sentiment of mortals of earth, known as the love of the true, the beautiful and the good, is, as realized by the marching and, alas! the mourning myriads of time-bounded earth, but a drop, a single drop, in the vast and fathomless ocean of delight, in whose nectar-crested waves we now swim, and on whose pure and rolling billows our souls are joy-ously borne on toward the bliss of the roseate seraph-heaven—the love-lined garden of our Allah, God. All this is true CORAPHAEL; the com-parison is just, and yet the true and pure of earth enjoy sometimes the spice-laden gales of Paradise, incentives to better lives, and sun-tokens of the coming consummation.

These gales occasionally sweep o'er the earth, when Allah permits TENSARDS, the keeper of the winds, to unloose one for a while, that men may know there is a God, and all true men his prophets. Yea truly my CORAPHAEL, even thy own BENREDDIN, when he dwelt among men, dreamed such dreams as filled his soul with a clear and crystal feeling, that made every nerve tingle and vibrate with ecstasy, and clothed all things—all nature, with a rich ligned opalescent, tridescent hue.—Yet, O! my loved one, even these fall far, very, very far short of the great fact, the astonishing reality, which I and you, even now, and which all mortals will in the coming time, realize and feel. The dreams of men are all like a grain of sand to the mountains of the moon, but particles in the great stupendous certainty.

Men on earth do not yet comprehend their own natures. The acorn dreams not that a giant oak lies calmly in its bosom, nor man that every throb of his beating heart, is the pulsation of the soul of an un-developed, foetal, or embryonic God! He dreams not of the golden, light-enshrouded amaranthine destiny that waits him in the rainbow-tinted, glory-gilded, God-filled auroral sky; nor that as he ascends, step by step, and plane by plane, his capacities will expand and intensify. Yet man is, to a great extent, the arbitor of his own fortune; he can hasten or retard his own march, by his own careful, or impru-dent practices.

The pleasures, even the nerval pleasures, we enjoy, in this our Spirit home, could not be borne by man on earth, because every estacy which nerves can know or feel, is infinitely intensified in this our Spirit state. The sense of touch, the gratification of which constitutes man's chief delight on earth, while in his rudimental state, as he is to day, is here known, so that if experienced by him, as he is, would cause him to ex-pire in an agony of bliss. Our sense of sight would derange a mor-tal of the earth; and taste and smell, and all the senses, in like manner and degree.

But O! my love, can I compare  
The love man feels for woman here,  
With that dull passion known to man  
Upon the earthly sphere?  
No darkling vapors here arise,  
The vision to obscure,  
But all is perfect in the skies,  
And sweet, and clear, and pure.  
No tempests sweep across the breast;  
No pangs the Spirits feel;  
But here the aching head finds rest,  
And here the Spirits kneel  
To Allah, Lord of all the powers,  
God, king of regions vast,  
Whose deep heart beats with love divine;  
Who rules the stormy blast;  
Whose soul breathes forth creation's numbers  
In gentle strains, and rolling thunders,  
Like to the ocean's stormy breast  
When tempests roar, and when at rest.

Then, turning to the persons present, the medium said:  
There is, on heaven's exalted mount,  
A temple reared to God alone:  
Within it is a crystal fount,

Whose waters flow from 'neath the Throne,  
Whereon sits Allah, God supreme,  
The king of earth and sea, and sky.  
To point ye to Him, is the theme  
Of this imperfect minstrelsy.  
Each drop of that clear running stream,  
Is freighted rich with treasure rare,  
His love, the sacred blessing which  
The angels would with mortals share,  
Each in its crystal heart contains  
An ocean deep of melody;  
And wisdom vast, with love profound  
Lie liquid in this pearly sea.  
Once in a century, a drop there falls  
To every earth within the realm  
Impregnates the soul of man; the birth  
Is thought, which points the way to heaven;  
And sick men catch the falling spray;  
Drink deep; awhile are free from pain;  
Are happy, peaceful, for a day;  
Forget the boon, and sin again.  
Alas! poor man; he will not be  
From anguish, sin, and sorrow free;  
Prefers his chains: neglects his soul,  
And dashes from his lips the bowl  
Of love and life, which God presents,  
And Allah's truth rejects—resents.  
E'en now another drop is falling,  
And angels are to mortals calling.  
They point the way to heaven's hill,  
And say to troubled souls: Be still.  
Could they achieve their fond desire,  
They'd fill each heart with holy fire,  
And make the welkin loudly ring,  
With Paens, such as seraphs sing.  
Rise mortals, rise! we thee implore,  
To go thy way, and sin no more.

Thine respectfully,

HYLAS.

#### Transition of Rev. T. J. Smith.

The most of our city readers will call to mind Rev. T. J. SMITH, who was with us on Sunday, the 23d of September last, and lectured to us, on the Spiritual Philosophy, in the afternoon and evening of that day. His lectures were highly pleasing to the audiences who listened to him; and his conversation and deportment bore testimony that his was a strong, independent, and well-cultivated mind. He was then, and had long been, in delicate health. He was to have been here again, on the first Sunday that Mr. FORSTER lectured in our Hall. He did not come, however; but we received a letter from him, in a day or two after, al-leging ill health as the cause of the disappointment. Since then we have heard nothing from him; nor were we aware of his new birth, till we found in the *Spiritual Telegraph*, the following extracts from a discourse delivered at his funeral, by CHARLES S. BAILEY:

It is not necessary that I should detain you long. The virtues of the man when living, form the most eloquent appeal. The words and deeds of charity and truth stand out there in his character as living testimo-nies. Human praises are sometimes pleasing, but the man of truth and principle asks not for them. I come not here to praise the dead.

He was a man among men; his deeds lie scattered along a pathway full of trouble, change and sorrow. There are memories of him lingering like young flowers in lowly places, in these hearts before me, and they come swelling up to speak how excellent a man he was. Let those memo-ries speak; let crushed hearts be eloquent with their tears, for here will be an eloquence and language more appropriate and effective than mine.

The earthly form is cold. That face, late so eloquent with life, never so calm, and yet never so expressive. It speaks a higher, a more signifi-cant language than ever before—a language with never so great a lesson.

The man and brother whom you gazed upon with feelings of respect and love, is still here with you; but oh, how vainly in that pale face you look to see the warm touches of life that once moved in smiles and wept

in tears. The form—the silent slumbering form—is here; an eternal sleep has closed these lips; and though there is nothing here but which in a few years will be ashes, yet you will linger even around those ashes, and old and young memories, and old and young dreams of the past will float in beauty over the spirit of thought, and there in manhood, bright and glorious manhood again, you will see him as once he was—honest in the work of duty—onward and upward in the paths of life; and you will listen to his voice of eloquence and truth, and the magic of his words will move upon your hearts like music and melodies from harps celestial; and there in that memory and dream you will remember how warmly came the grasp of his holiest hand, how beamed that face with a kinkly expression, and you will fain believe that he is here again; for though he is silent before you—never so *silent*—yet he was never so *expressive*.

Listen! There is a storm upon the mighty deep. The vivid lightning darts athwart the black sky, and strikes human hearts with terror. Hark! hear ye not the crash of breaking timbers? hear ye not the terrific music of the winds, that contend madly with the waters of the deep? Night gathers in upon that storm-scene; darkness, like a shroud, hangs over the waters. The waves roll like huge mountains. But see, there is a ship upon that foaming deep, and those mountain billows break heavily upon her decks. She has been a good ship, and over the trackless waters has she buoyed a thousand hearts with hopes. And now she breasts the heavy surge; the waters seem ambitious to destroy that gallant craft; her tall and noble masts at last go headlong into the sea; her canvas, like ribbons, floats loosely in the blast. O, it is a terrible scene! Upon that deck there are souls congregated. Hearts are beating, and faces grow pale. Still they look for hope—still the eye is strained to see a light loom up in the dark night. Then comes that awful suspense. The sailor upon the deck has felt it before, but never so real as now. Hope and Death! how near they stand! What a dreadful relationsion! Timber after timber is dashed to pieces, and at last that gallant ship is reduced to a wreck!

But see! O, blessed sight! Gradually comes up that flood of light in the purple East. The darkness hangs no more like a shroud upon the waters; the winds have gone to sleep, and the breaking waves have spent their fury, and there is hope.

“Hope springs eternal in the human breast.”

The sailor, with his face bathed with tears, looks up to the coming light, and blesses God; but they are tears of joy. A sweet calmness, like a drapery of contentment, sitteth upon the waters, and the up-rising sun lets fall his golden mantle on the bosom of the sea. Is there not something really *spirituelle* upon the face of the deep? Rest and calmness succeed the dreadful excitement and reaction. Our very beings become harmonized at such a rare blending of the elements of nature.

And there is land!—land, with wide green fields and sunny hills, waving trees, summer flowers, vales of beauty and laugh-streams; and, more than all, friends—good and beautiful faces, with eyes of love and lips of truth. O yes, land! The mother remembers how her little child played upon the green-sward before the door of their own quiet home. The sailor-boy thinks of the tall grass that grew beside the path that leads up to the cottage door where dwell his mother and his little sister, and he secretly blesses the ivy that creeps lovingly over the porch and about the windows. It is his home! Yes, land and home!

She was a gallant ship. She was called the “GOOD SAMARITAN,” and in the work of duty, in the storm and in the sunshine, she proved to be staunch and true. But she is a wreck. Shall we cast her away? O no! O no!

There is a great SHIPWRIGHT, and he comes down upon the beach and smiles upon the wreck. “The keel—the main principle—is good,” says he, “and we will go to work and build up another form about that keel, and we will make her light as air, and yet strong as the rocks upon yonder cliffs.”

And he rebuilt the form, and O what a form! Transparent and beautiful, she shone in the waters like a thing of beauty. “And now,” said he, “we will call her the ‘IMMORTAL.’” The underpinning was removed, and away she glided, far into unknown seas. O she was a rare and lovely craft, sailing onward and onward through the calmest seas!

There is a storm upon the earth. Humanity is arrayed against humanity in a dreadful war of selfishness and wrong. Our brother who has gone home had been out in that storm, and with a genial Christian

temperament he tried to assimilate the brute forces of human nature into beautiful forms of spiritual growth. His was a noble mission—teaching the war-thirsty multitudes how much there was in the peace and righteousness of a true life for the action of the soul. A noble ship, you may call it, with a burthen—a responsibility to carry. And the storm of life came down. About twenty years ago he took up his residence in this neighborhood. Here he commenced his ministerial labors. Here he delivered his first discourses. Here he broke the bread of life to these good people. Twenty years! What a change even in that short time! His life has truly been a storm—a scene of troubles, trials and disappointments. One after another of his children, near and dear to his heart, went down to sleep and up to God! Through all this his wife clung to him—a woman true to her gift and high mission. Gold, honors, and monuments of praise they neither sought nor asked. Theirs was a life of Christian purpose—of action; but still there came down the storm.—The rude winds of adversity were wont to blow and threaten; but still they sailed on amid the waves and waters. Darkness frequently gathered upon their scenes of life, and there came, time after time, a crash of hopes, and the waters of affliction looked dark, dark! Still nobly did he brave the storm in the life-action. At last, when all had departed but a single child and his wife, and his earthly home looked vacant, disease came upon him. The storm outside, and the storm within! And yet, no matter how terrible grew that storm—no matter how dreadful that disease preyed upon the very life-springs within, there came up before his vision the light of another day. Blow ye winds! Come down ye rude storms! Crash ye timbers, and let the masts of the earthly ambition and hope come down, and let the spiritual up-rearing proceed in the soul.—Let this ship go to pieces as it must and will, for this is not my home and the light came—the spiritual light from the angels and God; and tears came, but tears of joy. O, it was beautiful to see how the spirit yearned to go home, and how it beckoned for dear ones to follow! And when the ship of life stranded upon the beach of time, the great SHIPWRIGHT, GOD THE FATHER, came near, with love in his right hand, and truth in his left, and mercy lingering by his side; and in the twinkling of an eye he took the life-principle, the living and spiritual force, and clothed it in robes of living radiance. And then there was a spiritual ship; away it glided through the balmy depths of the celestial air, and it was called “THE CHILD OF GOD.” O what a ship!—never to endure a storm—to sail on forever with the smiles of the eternal Shipwright, God, to bless it in its high pathways.

Our brother is before us—the worn-out ship; but God has rebuilt it, and he lives forever in the Paradise above. He was a mortal here; there he is immortal, tending ever toward the high perfections of the kingdom of God. O what a faith is this! How true and strong does it come to the higher nature of humanity! What a free and independent band of men are they who stand out this day in the clear light of God’s truth, and proclaim the universal home-gathering of all souls to God! In the night of sorrow it becomes the light of joy. When the wind of adversity blows, and threatens the frail bark, it spreads calmness and peace over the life-scene, and ravishes the soul in a joy high and serene.

While he was with us he was a good man. Human testimonies say that, as nearly as he could, he lived up to the requirements of Christian duty. In his opinions, he was remarkable for his independence. In his dealings, fair and honest. He stated his opinions frankly and fairly. He deceived no one, nor was he willing to be deceived.

The later period of his life had been devoted to the investigation of Spiritualism, and at the time of his death he was engaged in lecturing upon this subject. He was a firm believer in spiritual communications with the world beyond. He had many warm friends—friends who loved him as a man and brother. Those great memories which live in those hearts, will build up their own beautiful monuments of worship and praise. Words are feeble upon my lips. Good deeds are monuments that last forever. And he will be remembered long, long. These excellent people who now mourn his loss, will remember his good counsels and good deeds.

And he has gone home. He has left the storms of this earthly conflict. There were messengers awaiting him—his own children. He frequently spoke of this transient and dying joy and sorrow, but his hope was beyond, far away, where his children were taking their lessons in purity and the-truths of heaven.

Why are we here to-day? Do we come to shed our tears? Do we

come to mourn? Is there no higher lesson for the soul than mourning and sorrow?

It is beginning to be understood, I trust, that we are living for the here-after. Here is the grand use of the present life. And what a miserable gain has one made if in the next world he has to take his position far in the back ground of the spiritual picture! Do you not know that heaven is a state of gradations? Commence the spiritual action here, and the soul may be highly educated for the immortal world. . . . If you live at all, live for a spiritual worship. Cultivate the affections, and warm up the dead sympathies, and let the heart and soul pulsate freely with a spiritual action.

This was the doctrine which our deceased brother taught. In regard to the great ends of religion, he was not at issue with many of his warm friends who did not indorse the whole of his spiritual epinions. He said there could be no religion where there was no heart for the work of Christian deeds. So do I. He said that when we went home to God, we took on a spiritual form, and then advanced in gradual perfections, higher and more glorious. So do I. He believed that this life was important, inasmuch as this was the place to prepare the soul for the spiritual conditions of the next world. So do I. But in regard to the communications from Spirits, by letters and otherwise, through living mediums, of which he had received the most positive evidence, as he frequently asserted to me, that evidence I have not. The difference, however, is not so very great. The whole result will be, that "God will be all in all." The great end of all practical preaching should be to impress man how to live here. If you believe that your work of spiritual liberty must be commenced here, why not do it, and not go through the world with this theory, and denying it in every act the mind conceives and the hand executes? Let profession go. Stand in your place every day, and be a man with an honest face, a trusty hand, and a Christian heart, willing and able to do the work which God appoints for you.

But I must close. I have been longer than I designed, and these remarks have been scattering. Before I close, however, I would say one word to our sister, who, far away from home, is here, and calls upon us to do the work and duties of Christian burial.

You and your husband have trod together the rough passage ways of life. But the earthly trial is over. He sleeps the last sleep; but I need not say to you how bright and beautiful appeareth the home beyond. I need not tell you of these heavenly bands—your own children—awaiting for you and him in the Spirit-land. I need not tell you how beautiful that land is, with its perpetual flowers and rivers of gladness. No, you have the Christian hope, and it is there in that soul of yours, high beating and exulting! Live for the attainment of good deeds, and strive for the excellency in Jesus our Lord.

Yes, we shall all go home. Time is writing his changes, and he never grows weary. Young and old are called upon every day, and perhaps tomorrow our turn shall come. Be ready with a highly pure life. Be ready with a highly aspiring soul. Be ready for the immortal advance. Make your mark high in the moral kingdom of Jesus, and live up to that mark. And may God bless you all.

### Omnipotence.

For the Age of Progress.

What human imagination can conceive, what language can describe, or mind comprehend, the great *Original*? Without limits, without bounds, and without locality—boundless and universal as his *Empire*. All created things bear the impress of purpose, design and power, that creature efforts cannot resist, or *Devil* interposition subvert or defeat. The *Omnipresent* eye is over all his work. No hypocrisy can cloak, no cunning can deceive, and no sagacity evade his scrutiny. Infinite in all his attributes; no entreaty can shake, no supplication can move, and no sacrifice can affect. All wise and perfect, there can be no mistake, or possibility of error. I believe all the sects, creeds and denominations of Christians, concede and acknowledge those attributes of deity. Yet how incompatible with them are their several dogmas. The great majority of them deify the Devil, and concede him power to defeat the *Omnipotent*—evade the *Omnipresent*—change the Infinite, and move the *all wise and perfect*. This inconsistency and blasphemy is taught from the pulpit, throughout the length and breadth of the land. By the teachings I have received from the sanctuary, this illegitimate God of

the Christians, has had some tremendous struggles with Jehovah for power and dominion, and well-nigh succeeded in usurping his power; for the lord has had to resort to various expedients to maintain his throne; and, by the same teaching; it would seem he will yet lead off ninety-nine hundredths of the human family to perdition. O! superstition, where is thy reason.

CANDOR.

Lancaster, March 17th, 1856.

Correspondence of the Age of Progress.

### Spiritualism in Milwaukee.

BRO. ALBRO:—Having been at Milwaukee a considerable portion of the winter, I have, from time to time, made some note of the progress of the cause at that locality. Whether the place is distinguished above others of its size, for an unusual attention to the mere phenomena of spiritual intercourse, I could not affirm; but in respect to the promulgation of the Harmonial Philosophy, I have witnessed there, what I had supposed could not be, so early in the infancy of the cause; namely, a congregation of a thousand of the most respectable and intelligent citizens of the place, listening to an exposition of the historic evidence of the divine inspiration of the Bible. The speaker was Mr. S. J. FINNEY, whose capabilities as an expounder of the real gospel of truth (the Harmonial Philosophy,) need no commendations from my pen, to place him among the ablest champions of our faith. In the most pointed and unreserved manner, he took the time-honored and blindly worshiped old book, and laid bare its historic verity to the plain comprehension of his large audience, who heard him without wincing, and apparently with the most earnest attention, to the close of a discourse of three hours continuance. The scalpel used in the dissection of the book, was strictly of orthodox origin; he took the Church Historians and Bible Commentations and allowed them the privilege granted by Agrippi to Paul—of speaking for themselves. The result was interesting in the extreme: one affirming that the Gospels were written in Hebrew, instead of "the original Greek," another boldly avowing that it was admissible to resort to "falsehood and deception" to promulgate the faith of the Church.

The effect of this discourse can never be lost to those who heard it. It will prove an entering wedge which will open wider and wider incipient thought, upon a subject hitherto veiled in profound night, because sectarian dictation has interdicted its investigation.

Many advocates of Spiritualism maintain a prudential conservatism in respect to touching upon the fallability of the Bible. It is indeed true that too sudden an influx of the whole truth, (the fallability of the Bible,) would prove an electric shock that would fell many to the ground, and cause many more to reel; but I truly believe that the reaction that would sooner or later ensue, would place them in a receptive condition for the truth, sooner than they would attain the same condition, if left comparatively undisturbed, to release themselves from error. The Bible is but a history, and of exceedingly doubtful verity, at that. It does contain truths, however; and these are valuable, not because they are expressed in black and white between the covers of any book, but because they are eternal principles, and existed as such, long before man recorded them upon scroll or parchment. Now, if the Bible is not infallably inspired, while it is believed thus to be, the mere phenomena of Spiritualism, so far from being capable of benefiting those who rest in its belief, only prove a detriment; for the reason that it is made to confirm them in their error.

Believers in the inspiration of the Bible, I affirm, do not reason. To illustrate this; they believe that the birth-place of Jesus was designated to the magi, by a star, leaving its place in the heavens, and moving until it stood over the place where the "young child lay." It is the universal opinion of all Astronomers, that stars are suns to other solar systems, and in many instances, vastly larger than our own. Our sun is some million of times larger than our earth; and, taking it only as a representative of the mean magnitude of stars in general, it would be instructive to know how it would figure in pointing out an area

the size of a manger, provided it had the power of leaving its position in space and migrating in the direction of the earth. It would have to approach to within at least a quarter of a mile of the earth, in order to diminish the parallax of its angle so as to designate any fixed point on it. And then it would be like taking an object the size of a barn to point out the figures on the dial of a watch, to suppose that a body a million times larger than the earth, could index any locality on its surface. On the other hand, if it is supposed that a star at the usual distance from the earth could stand over a spot six feet square on the earth, so as to indicate precisely that exact area, the delusion will soon be dispelled by a trial of the experiment, as any star exactly at the zenith, will manifest no sensible variation of position within the limits of a degree and a half, or the circumference, say of a hundred miles.

But to return to the lecture of brother FINNEY: While the Churches at Milwaukee generally have but small congregations, Mr. FINNEY calls out, to his lectures, audiences numbering from six hundred to a thousand. The friends of the cause at Milwaukee have secured the services of Mr. FINNEY for a years time. In other localities in the State the cause is rapidly advancing.

Truly Yours,

V. C. TAYLOR.

#### REMARKS EDITORIAL.

The criticism of our correspondent, in relation to the reported miracle of the star of Bethlehem, is very just, supposing it to be considered as really one of the bright orbs by which the heavens are gemmed.—Our friend is aware that it is not long since meteors, which exploded in the atmosphere, and consumed themselves as they streamed away, were supposed to be stars which left their orbits, or positions in the heavens, and passed to other localities, or were annihilated—their day of doom having arrived. The march of science, however, has taught the world of mankind better wisdom. Now, therefore, let us have charity for those simple shepherds of Jewry, who may have taken for a star, an odic light, produced and sent by the guardian angels of the child Jesus, to point out the place where he lay, that he and his mother might be taken care of.

It is our opinion that he was the greatest medium that has ever been on earth, since the era in which history commenced. Thus believing, we have no difficulty in arriving at the conclusion that he was a peculiar charge of ministering angels, who could produce the phenomenon of the supposed star, without a miracle.

#### How Lawless is Thought.

Thought will submit to no restraint. Guard it, hamper it, smother it as you will, it will slip away, in spite of you, and go wherever it pleases. And oh! how swiftly it flies! Flies, did we say? There is no such thing—it is independent of locomotion. The objects of its contemplation, wherever they may be, whether on earth's remotest point, or in any of the infinite millions of worlds that glow in boundless space, it can be there without the intervention of time. Lawless and unrestrainable as it is, however, it is blind to all those mysteries which Omniscience has denied it access to. It can conceive a straight line, starting at any point in space, and extending through all extent; but it cannot possibly comprehend how such line can extend eternally, without arriving at a terminating point. Nor is it any more possible for it to conceive any bound at which it should stop. If it imagine such a terminus, it immediately advances beyond it to see what is there. It has heard of some wild idea, that space is bounded by the region of chaos; but this will not do—it instantly leaps the imagined bound of space and rushes into chaos, to see if the same straight line may not still be projected through this empire of nothing; and if it may, what next?

If it stops, acknowledges its earthly blindness, and makes an effort to discover the commencement, or the possibility of no commencement, the end, or the possibility of no end, of duration. Can there be an end to duration? No! Can it be without an end?—No! Both propositions are impossibilities. Here again it discovers that a bound has been set to its capability of perception and comprehension, whilst it re-

mains in its earthly connection; and it enquires: Is there an Intelligence to whom these things are all plain? Its celestial element answers: There is such an Intelligence. Its name among men, is GOD.—Human mind, whilst it remains the mere light and guide of the animal, man, can never penetrate these mysteries, for God has said to it, by a law which will never be abrogated: Thus far shalt thou go, whilst thou remainest a denizen of earth, but no farther.

Here the discomfitted explorer returns and endeavors to content itself within the bounds of knowledge allotted to its earthly career; but it cannot avoid inquiring: Shall I, too, be enabled to see plainly into all these things when I am enfranchised from the blinding prison-house wherein I am now confined? And shall I be no longer compelled to admit the reality of apparent impossibilities? Shall I be permitted to retain my individuality, and range at will through all immensity? Again the celestial entity which constitutes it immortal, answers: All earthly blindness shall leave thee on the moment in which thou art enfranchised. Thou shalt then see as plainly as thou art seen of celestial beings. Thou shalt be enabled to travel throughout immensity by the impulsion of will, for thou wilt no longer be impeded by time, space or gravitation. Nothing will then appear impossible to thee; and thou shalt retain thy individuality among the infinitude of enlarged and beatified spirits, not only from this little planet, but from all the infinite millions of worlds which revolve, shine and obey the eternal law of order, in the fields of unlimited space.

Thy aspiration will carry thee higher and higher up the ascent of progression, into the realms of angelic thought; and thou wilt dive deeper and deeper into the arcana of nature's philosophy and God, attributes and Governmental economy; and all knowledge, as fast as thou art capacitated to receive it, will come to thee at the bidding of thy will.

From the Sacred Circle.

#### Free Love.

BY A HOYT.

Were a man disposed to write seriously against the crime of murder, it might perhaps entitle him to become a candidate for a writ *de lunatico inquirendo*; and to offer a single remark on the subject of our heading that might be considered argumentatively to contest its claims to notice, would be equally absurd. When the Gipsies' millennium shall arrive, it will be time enough to take down our hedges and make the fruits of the earth common property; but till that delectable time I fear our courts of judicature will inflict penalties upon poachers whatever may be their creed.

*Meum* and *tuum* are not as yet abstract entities, and therefore it would seem as though I had a right to some protection against night prowlers of whatever sentiment. But especially I protest that they shall not effect their schemes of spoliation by any assertion on their part of acquaintance-ship. We may unfortunately know them as the house-breaker is known by those he would rob. We may have seen them slyly passing our windows or looking over our fences; but to allege more than this is a slander.

Spiritualism, as such, can not recognize the Free Love theory as other than a glossing over of the licentiousness that has existed. If the crafty can entrap new victims, they have ever been as ready to assume the garb of religion as any other, and it can not surprise any that spirit phenomena should be assailed in its early history and branded, as were the followers of Christ, harlots, publicans and thieves. But no man, not himself an abettor of these vices, would join in the outcry.

What does Spiritualism teach by its phenomena? Why, that our friends who have departed this earth-sphere still linger about our path in sympathy. Is that idea promotive of impurity? It teaches us that they can and do follow us to our bed chambers. It instructs us that our future depends on the refinement, the elevation of the spirit over the bodily appetites, if we would aspire to intellectual joys.

No sensualist can be spiritual, though his mediumship should be really transcendent; which, bye-the-bye, is never the case, our enemies having demonstrated over and over that the influences, whatever they are, rise no higher than the plane of the medium.

Tipplers, rappers and talkers may affect to be recipients of spirit af-

flatus, but it will be an afflatus from those who inhabited the purlieus of vice when here, and have not progressed beyond sympathies for their former associations.

We are really surprised at the apparent coolness with which our costly police pursue the poor cyprians of the pave, while dens of libidians and lascivious gentlemen and ladies, are suffered in our most public thoroughfares, promulgating among the simple, under the guise of respectability, the most flagitious sentiments. It is high time this matter were looked into, if we mean to protect our sons and daughters from the designs of such harpies.

That men of uncontrolled impulses should abet this, is not amazing; but that any honest woman should be caught with such bait as free love, is past our credence.

True, were society in such a state that women could palm themselves on good and virtuous company after this brand of infamy had scathed their foreheads—if women could brave the world, why then it were perhaps bravely if not virtuously done. But when the fact is just the reverse, and while these male demons visit our saloons and posts of honor, and sit in holy places as exemplars of good taste and polite habits, their poor victims are damned to the infamy which ought of right to set the mark of Cain upon these heroes of the meanest and most selfish exploits that were ever concocted in darkness.

Could severity of remark probe deep enough to effect a cure on the diseased, I know the reader would excuse any warmth of mine. But I have no such hope. My appeal is for the benefit of the unseduced—a disclaimer, once for all, of any winking at the enormity of free love theories. We abhor almost the blotting of our page with anything so monstrous. And had we not Scripture warrant for believing that men of our earth can be rendered capable of even worshipping a beast, we might have cried out "impossible! impossible!" Yet it is true that communities and companies are formed and forming in our midst, where many a decent, perhaps respectable family, will sacrifice domestic purity, peace and comfort to this *ignis fatuus*.

But as Spiritualists are not voyaging on any such dark seas, we take leave of our subject by announcing that, if we ever did lie at the same wharf, we have changed our moorings. There may have been a Korah Dathan and Abiram in the camp of Israel, but we wish you to bear in mind that hereafter they are to be considered as "when the earth opened and swallowed them up."

We think the word Love is outraged by being named in this connection. Love is an angel of light, descending upon our earth to sublime our affections and lift them heavenward. This theory debases its votaries to the mere instincts of the brutes, who should be admitted to this fellowship by conceded patent. Love is holy—recognizes rules of justice and propriety—watches solicitously the elevation and advancement of its recipients. In its enlargement it takes the cognates of philanthropy and benevolence. It weeps over degradation, as Christ over Jerusalem. It offers its wing to shelter and its power to protect. But the other scheme is merely the hawk's love to its victim. It is the love that the wolf bears to the fold. It may entwine—may fascinate, but its coil is serpentine and its enfoldings death.

Indeed, if there is a principle belonging to our race, demonstrative of man's immortality, it is his undoubted capacity—his capacity to appreciate an element of affinity—of association beyond and above what obtains in animal life—a something that stands apart from the element of the mere hireling of men and women—that looks not to the present, but overleaps time and grasps eternity, as only commensurate with its aspirings. It derives sustenance as much from the contemplation of the unseen future, the anticipations of walking together, hand in hand, through amaranthine groves,

"Where seraphs gather immortality,"

as it does from the present commingling of soul with soul. Of this heaven-born sentiment the sensualist knows nothing; his intellect is feculent with miasms from the stagnant pools of his thoughts; he can not ascend above the fens where his desires originate. The exhalations never reach the mountain heights.

To dignify such puerilities as the attempted justification of the doings of these pretending virtuosos with the name of philosophy, is even worse than the claiming affinity with spirit phenomena. There may be a philosophical reason for blight and mildew—for excrescences and monstrosities

because their unsightly appearances are unaccounted for, and their intrusion upon the farmer's soil requires some investigation as to how and why they are found depredating on his labors. But the case is different with the horse who overleaps the farmer's hedge; there is no need of studying philosophy in the matter; the horse leaps the fence simply because he loves the oats.

That the parties to a bargain may rescind their contract, nobody denies; but we should remember "it takes two to make a bargain." And while the man and his wife are on one side in this civil compact, evil society and social society have derived a right to vote. If a man don't like a monarchy, the rule is plain, he must set up for himself on an unoccupied territory, or hunt up a republic. The Mormons understand this. Perhaps a man is free to argue the chickens on a roost as public property, but that public has also something to say before he carries his opinions into effect. Should one in our midst render himself like our late Lime-kiln Man, independent of our associative comforts in all the arts that beautify and enrich our social compact—should he declare his independence of the law, being in condition to live and die without aid from his fellows, still even he is an interloper in an association formed for the well-being of those who originate and support its continuance. You may call this a philosophy of argument if you will, but a school-boy will tell it is only the arithmetic of proportion, and quite as plain as that two and two make four. The ostrich tail may do well enough when dressed into a plume, but the vain would do well to remember the source of the ornament. If *lex tallionis* give the Indian a right to my scalp, it can not compel me to recognize his relationship.

The advocate of this theory have very well alleged that to enjoy their peculiar tenets they must found new communities away from our barbarous and unphilosophical customs, and we shall concur in this. Let them make laws in their own Utopia, and reduce their economies to the philosophy of animal life and its associative affinities and by thus having "all things common" work out the great problem of reducing all numerical fractions of virtue to their known quantity in a very common denominator of vicious appetite.

The law of affinity, we suppose, will, after all, govern this matter. "To the pure all things are pure," we believe; but it is a necessary contingent of this thesis, that purity and not passion or taste is to lead. It will not do for the idlers on our wharves, who are abstracting molasses or whisky from exposed casks, to allege they are only examining qualities. The popular song, "Will you walk in, Mr. Fly?" should, we think, be sung at all these conglomerations, for our especial sympathies are elicited for the fly and not the spider. This newly-discovered and celebrated law, so largely quoted and surely depended on, has come before us with better horoscope than the Maine Law; no judge as yet has pronounced it unconstitutional—no grand jury has ignored its provisions. It is, par excellence, the law of affinities, and we perhaps cannot do better than commend our unsophisticated reader to one remarkable section of its code: "that a man shall be known by the company he keeps," whether that company be selected either by his predilections for wine or beauty. And we suggest that the abettors of free love in our city should be assigned to congenial localities where their authorities may be sure of their whereabouts.

In civil jurisprudence nothing is more preposterous than for an individual to claim a patent for an invention originated before he was born; but these discoverers of the science of affinity have blundered on doctrines of casuistry which were old in the days of Moses. In the Jewish civil economy, they engrafted the law with a slight deviation: a man might put away his companion, but had to give a written certificate—a prudential rule, we think, of great value, and commend it to careful consideration, as it might be remotely possible that in elective affinities the query might arise, how many instances of attraction and repulsion had taken place previously, when new combinations were proposed, as the adhesive principle is apt to die out when there is a disposition to iterate new formations. If the Jews premised a difficulty in heaven in the case of the woman with seven husbands, Solomon and others may find a greater dilemma with their thousand wives. So that here and hereafter some reference should be had to the known laws of the gravitation of atoms, which will apply equally well to an atom of love—the science of free love and that of "Model Artistes" being in chemistry of the same specific gravity.